

A. W. AUNER, SONG PUBLISHER & PRINTER,
Tenth and Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

OLD MOUNTAIN TREE

Oh, the home we loved by the bounding deep,
Where the hills in glory stood ;
And the moss-grown graves where our fathers sleep,
'Neath the boughs of the waving wood ;
We remember yet with a fond regret
For the rock and the flowery lea,
Where we once used to play thro' the long, long day,
In the shade of the old mountain tree.

We are pilgrims, now, in a stranger land,
And the joys of youth are past ;
Kind friends are gone ; but the old tree stands,
Unharmed by the warring blast.
Oh the lark may sing in the clouds of spring,
And the swan on the silver sea ;
But we mourn for the shade, where the wild bird made
Her nest in the old mountain tree.

Oh, the time went by like a tale that is told
In a land of song and mirth,
And many a form in the church-yard cold,
Finds rest from the cares of earth ;
And many a day will wander away,
O'er the waves of the western sea,
And the heart will pine and vainly pray,
For a grave by the old mountain tree.

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